

These clippings were in a ledger, William A. Blackburn, 1854,
1855, Carlisle, Ind.

- Given by William A. Dennis

John M. Curtner's mother was a sister of Mrs. William Blackburn

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James P. Goodrich Buys Large Block Of Stock In Lawrence National Bank

Sale of 515 of the 1,000 shares of the Lawrence National bank of North Manchester, owned by the John Curtner estate has been made to J. P. Goodrich, ex-governor of Indiana and his associates, who are acquiring an interest in a number of Indiana banks.

The sale price was \$135 a share, or a total of \$69,525. This amount in cash was paid this week, thus giving Mr. Goodrich and his associates control of Manchester's oldest financial institution. It is understood, however, that only 50 shares will be retained by the Goodrich interests. The balance

will be offered to the people living in North Manchester and the immediate vicinity.

Since the death of Mr. Curtner, the bank stock has been in the hands of Charles S. Haas, president of the Farmers & Wabash National; Harry Jackson, vice-president of the same institution; M. F. Adams, president of the Union Trust company of North Manchester, and John Domer, president of the Lawrence National bank. These trustees conducted negotiations for the sale, which was approved by Judge Switzer of the Wabash circuit court.

For the present no change will be made in offices of the Lawrence National, Mr. Domer continuing to serve as president; Charles S. Haas and Joseph H. Miller as vice-presidents, and J. W. Dewey as cashier. They probably will serve until the first of the year.

The Lawrence National bank was established in the late seventies by John W. Lawrence. It was then known as the Eel River Valley bank, a private banking institution. Later it became a national bank, bearing the name of its founder, who was president with his son-in-law, Augustus C. Mills, cashier. The capital stock was 50,000.

After the death of Mr. Lawrence, Francis M. Eagle of Wabash bought control. Mr. Eagle was one

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JAMES P. GOODRICH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

of the earlier capitalists of Wabash. He built the Curtner home on North Wabash, a mansion in his day.

In 1891 he sold the Manchester bank to Calvin and Cary Cowgill. After operating it a few years, they sold back to Mr. Eagle and his son-in-law, John Curtner. Upon the death of Mr. Eagle, Mr. Curtner became president in 1899 and served until his death in 1922.

Large Surplus

During the Eagle, Curtner management, the Lawrence National built up a large surplus. In 1915 a stock dividend of \$50,000 was declared, which gave the bank a capital of \$100,000 and a surplus of \$15,000. Surplus has since been built up to \$45,000. The bank has deposits of \$550,000.

When Mr. Curtner died in 1922, he left his estate in trust to be settled within 10 years. Trustees, however, were given an option to either sell or distribute his holdings among the heirs at any time. They saw fit. The estate was appraised at \$350,000.

Floyd Curtner of Huston, Texas; Ed Curtner of Carlisle, Ind.; Mrs. Ada Adkin of Pittsburgh, Penn., and Mrs. Flo Dobson of Richmond, Va., nephews and nieces, were left one-half on the \$350,000 estate, Mr. Curtner having no children and his wife having died some time before he passed away.

The other half was left to Mrs. Amie Edwards, another niece who was a trained nurse in Los Angeles. She died in less than a year after receiving the large legacy. Having no children, she gave Mrs. F. M. Jenkins, a cousin living in Paris, Ill., \$25,000 and Mrs. Ethel S. McArthur, a close friend living in Ed Centro, Calif., \$25,000. Minor bequests brought the total to \$70,000. The balance was to be distributed equally between the children of the other nieces and nephews of Mr. Curtner.

Included in the Curtner estate's Wabash county holdings, is a farm of 304 acres in Chester township; also a half interest in the building occupied by the Crumrine Furniture store in Wabash and the store built and occupied by the Frame Hardware company in North Manchester.

The Curtner trustees, it is understood, have planned to make a final settlement with the heirs within a few months, the purpose being to either sell the remaining real estate or to make a property division so that the entire matter can be disposed of in about half the time allowed by Mr. Curtner for a final settlement.

JOHN M. CURTNER AGED 70, DIES AT HOME LAST NIGHT

Long Identified With Wabash Business and Banking Interests

John M. Curtner, well known resident of Wabash and for many years closely identified with the business and social interests of the city, died at 8:20 o'clock last evening at his home on North Wabash street.

Several years ago Mr. Curtner developed a malignant internal trouble, and in November, 1918, underwent an operation at the Methodist Hospital at Indianapolis. Relief was obtained and for two years following, Mr. Curtner enjoyed good health. However, a year ago last summer there was a recurrence of the disease, and in the following September Mr. Curtner took a western trip, spending several weeks in Colorado Springs and Denver in the hope of benefiting his health. But no lasting good was accomplished, for, after his return home, he gradually grew weaker, until three weeks ago when he was taken to his bed. It is said that his death was hastened by the news of the death of his life-long friend, Dr. Charles Little.

Mr. Curtner was 70 years old the 20th of last June. He was born in Carlisle, Indiana, and, his parents dying when he was a very young boy, he went to Paris, Ill., to live with the family of Mr. and Mrs. William Blackburn, the latter being a sister of Mr. Curtner's mother.

He received his early school training in the town of Paris, coming when a young man of 18 or 20 to Wabash, primarily for the purpose of attending the Wabash Academy, a school that was located on the South Side and stood on the present site of the South Side school.

APPRAISED FOR INHERITANCE TAX

Appraisement on John Curtner Property is Filed With Clerk of Court Today.

EXPENSE ESTIMATED

Appraisement of the John M. Curtner property here for inheritance tax records was completed today by county officials and the appraisement report was filed with the clerk of the circuit court. The report shows that the total value of the property left by Mr. Curtner amounts to \$311,486.09 out of which \$90,060 is in real estate in the county. The remainder of the property is all personal property.

The appraisers estimate that it will cost approximately \$69,855.49 to settle the estate, there being outstanding notes, claims and debts against the estate. This includes two claims, amounting to more than \$15,000 which have already been allowed by the court against the estate.

Five persons are shown to be heirs to the estate. Mr. Curtner died at his home here about a year ago.

*Am 16 sent a
Wabash paper
with this marked.*

DEATH OF CAPT. D. S. BLACKBURN

DEMISE IS SUDDEN FOLLOWING
APOPLECTIC SEIZURE AT
HOME IN VENTURA, CAL.

ONE OF FEW SURVIVORS OF GRANT'S REGIMENT

Visited Here During Past Summer,
Leaving for Home Via Chicago
and New Orleans Something
Over Month Ago

A message received on Friday, by Mr. W. T. Blackburn, contains announcement of the sudden death of his uncle, Capt. Davis S. Blackburn, which occurred at his home in Ventura, Cal., on Thursday, following an apoplectic seizure. The news came as quite a shock to local relatives, Capt. Blackburn having terminated a very delightful visit here about a month ago, returning to his home via Chicago and New Orleans. While here he was in the best of health and spirits and to all appearances had a number of years of life before him. A pleasant incident of his visit was a reunion dinner, with some of his old regimental and company comrades, including Capt. Ed Harlan, of Marshall; Capt. Harrison Black, of Westfield and Lieut. Wm. J. Hunter, of this city. All were survivors of the terrible battle of Chickamauga, in which this regiment suffered partial annihilation.

Capt. Blackburn was about seventy-eight years of age and was born in Edgar county. He was the son of James M. Blackburn, one of the earliest of the pioneers, who located here in 1819. His life was devoted mainly to agricultural pursuits, in which he was unusually successful.

He enlisted, Nov. 16th, 1861, in Co. F. of the historic 21st Illinois and served as captain of that company, until honorably discharged, July 5th, 1864. The regiment saw much active service and participated in some of the most sanguinary engagements of the entire war. He continued to reside here after the war, until 1875, when he removed to Ventura, which has since been his home. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Alice Piper, of Macomb, Ill., the one daughter born to them, having died about twenty years ago.

The deceased was a member of the masonic fraternity and his life was made beautiful by acts of broad though unobtrusive charity. He gave liberally to every worthy cause and his death will be widely mourned by those who were beneficiaries of his goodness of heart.

THE DAIL

JUDGE BLACKBURN'S DEATH

It is pitiful the way poor old Judge Blackburn died at last. He was born to misfortune. He was a physical cripple, and suffered always, and those sufferings had their effects on his mind. He had a good deal of knowledge, but not a speck of wisdom. When he thought of what he had studied and learned, his egotism and vanity led him to believe that he knew as much or more than any one. Then his infirmities made him impatient that the world did not see him as he saw himself, and, so envious, his judgment was always crippled, his prejudices were all on the alert to find something to be injured about. He estimated men, not by what they were, but by what his infirmities painted them to him, and hence he had a faculty of almost always being wrong. He could not distinguish between the unscrupulous man who petted him for a purpose, and the candid man who told him the truth. He had a good knowledge of the law, without a speck of that faculty which enabled him to apply it correctly. So in the law he was what the physician is who prescribes a fix-blister for a burn, or morphine when the patient has indigestion. He was always weighted down with the thought of his physical deformities and, despite his honest intentions not to let them affect him, in his intercourse with men he very often felt like punishing the whole human family as a sort of gloomy retribution for his own infirmities. No man so fashioned physically and mentally as was he can avoid being vindictive at the slightest opportunity, and while he was a devoutly religious man, his religion itself misguided him, and what at last was pure vindictiveness, he believed was only holy zeal. Then he had had many sorrows, until at last he found himself all alone, broken in fortune, his name tainted with a misfortune which, perhaps, he was not at all responsible for, his family dead, and with no prospect before him, except labor, until the end should come. His old heart had not a bone on which to gnaw, and hence, in spite of his desire and determination to be just and to be devout, he was angry and snappish as ever was a hungry dog that had lost its teeth. It was pitiful that he should die as he did, with not a friend by his bedside. But those who thought most of him will rejoice really that at last he is at peace, and will hope that where his soul has gone and where he has taken on his new garments, there will be neither outward nor inward deformity to either dim his soul's eyes or warp his soul's vision.

A Surprise Wedding.

The nuptials of Mr. Miller, a prosperous shoe merchant of Corsicana, Tex., and Miss Nellie Blackburn will be solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Blackburn northwest of the city, this evening. Rev. Geo. Harkness officiating. The affair will be very quiet and after a few days' visit Mr. Miller will return home while his bride will follow as soon as her mother's health will permit her to leave.

Thursday - 13th - 76

A TRUE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

(From the Prairie Farmer.)

Down in Carlinville, Ill., there is a small college for self-helping young men and young women that I believe comes near filling the true mission of education than any other college in the country. Blackburn college goes back in the history of the state to the days when education was largely a privilege of the well to do and the self-helping young men of the time got their learning by the light of the pine knot as Lincoln did.

If Lincoln were a boy today in Illinois he would find his way to Blackburn college, where he would be welcomed. He would split rails and work on the farm for his education. He would develop, a giant in heart and mind, in an atmosphere that would make the most of his wonderful natural gifts without money or price.

Blackburn is finding out and developing many earnest young men and women today. This is the third year of its self-help plan and there are 126 students enrolled, with a list of waiting that, could they be cared for, would bring the enrollment up to a thousand. No college in the country has more exacting qualifications as to character, ability, good health, and sincerity of purpose. No Arones, dudes sowers of wild oats, papa's pets or mamma's wayward darlings are admitted. The students are picked young men and women, who are not ashamed to kneel down together and say their prayers, who sing hymns, run the farm, the laundry, the bake ovens, and the kitchen, make the beds—in fact, do all the work so well and economically that \$1.50 a week boards a student in comfort. First year students are expected to pay \$150, and \$100 a year thereafter. Most of them earn this money during the summer vacation. When misfortune overtaken a worthy student there is a fund to tide him over until he can catch up financially. Chicago Tribune May 23rd.

The following is a partial list of our citizens who intend going on the Niagara excursion to-morrow. We learn that W. B. Sheriff is taking a list of names for sleeping car accommodations:

Mrs J W Payne	Mrs Helen Magner
" Anna Forker	" Lida Sandford
" H. Van Sellar	" Kate Riddell
" Mary Willis	" C W Levings
" T. M. Whitehead	Miss Lucy Sheriff
Miss Sophia Jacobs	" Dora Patton
" May Sheriff	" Mame Van Sellar
" Lucy Bishop	" Fannie Magner
" Mary Hodge	" Alice Nelson
" Alice Willis	" Clara Camerer
" Clara Link	" Maggie Blackburn
" Julia Uter	Mr T. M. Whitehead
Mr Vernie Payne	" Harvey Anthony
" John Hodge	" Huger Hodge
" John Lamb, Jr.	" Neeley McLean
" Orion Stalnaker	" Ed. Baber

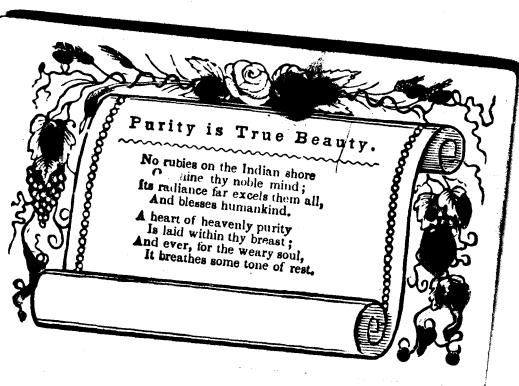
FUNERAL NOTICE.

The Funeral of

Col. James M. Blackburn

*Will take place from his late residence, 5 miles East of
Paris, at 11 o'clock, A. M., Sunday, Sept. 23, 1883.*

*Religious Services will be conducted by Rev. E. W.
Thayer, assisted by others.*



2.

Los Angeles, Cal.,

After Lunch.

Welf. Cousins Welf remembered her promise and sent me a copy of the history of the Blackburn family & or a part of it. - After I find out about whether we can be daughters of the revolution I will send the copy to you. -

The family is of Huguenot descent - Their ancestors escaped from France on St Bartholomew day ^{Aug 24/1572} and settled in Ireland. Five brothers came to this country with William Penn - latter part of 15th century. Their descendants spread to South & West. John Blackburn father of William married Nancy Maxwell and raised a family of seven, Polly, James, Hannah, Alexander, William (my great grand father) Sally and John.

The father died at close of revolution. And right here it says that our son James (he would be my great great uncle) was taken prisoner at Fort Washington in 1776 at the age of 17 and survived cruelty of prison - I don't think it has to be my grandfather to be a daughter of the revolution.

Feb-12 -1796 Bourbon Co. Kentucky

Then William married Elizabeth
Mrs. Clavahan - Their children were
James^{Maxwell}, Anna, John, Alexander - Eliza
Jane, Sarah, William (my grandfather)
Here are the marriages

James Maxwell { Cassandra Widenor 1819 Sullivan Co. Ind.
Mrs Rachel Webster 1855 Vigo

Anna to Edward Piper 1820 Sullivan Co. Ind.

John to Francis Anderson 1826 Knox Co. Ind.

Alexander to Delilah Poff 1828 Knox Co

Eliza to Wm. Craft 1829 Sullivan Co

Sarah to John Pusey 1837. Carter Co. Ind.

William to Elizabeth Leger 1839 Sullivan
(Don't say any thing about Jane)

It speaks of William Hector Blackburn
being mortally wounded at Rockford bridge
in Grierson's raid and on further

says no bolder braver trooper gave up his
life for his country to be seen

I think I'm a little mixed on some of
the first part I have written here but I'll
reedit it all to go later

It doesn't give the family any farther
down except Uncle Alex's - But of course
the part I want to find out about is in 1776

married to Anne in 1803

Contains a sermon delivered by
Rev. W. M. Blackburn 26 Sept 1861
in Park Presbyterian Church, Erie
PA AND, a newspaper article
"Letter from California" mention-
ing Sanfords, Curtners, and Black-
burns

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WORSE CALAMITIES THAN WAR.

A Sermon delivered on Thursday, September 26th, 1861, in the Park Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa., by the Rev. W. M. Blackburn. Published by request.

Jeremiah 12, 1-2. "Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with Thee; yet let me talk with Thee of Thy judgments. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? Wherefore are they happy that deal very treacherously? Thou hast planted them; yea, they have taken root; they grow, yea they bring forth fruit: Thou art near in their mouths, and far from their reins."—Ezekiel 7, 10. "The rod hath blossomed."

There are two tendencies to be avoided on a day like this:—One is the tendency towards severe denunciation—the use of strong language against those who, we may think, have brought about this crisis in our national affairs. Do we "fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness?" (Is. 58, 1-8.) The sins with which we deal to-day are not those of individuals, but those of the Government, or of the people in connection with the Government which they support. Many of us are not personally conscious of having done one thing to involve us in the present calamities, which have not fallen upon us by chance, and from which we cannot be delivered unless the ear of Jehovah be turned to our cry, and his mighty arm outstretched for our restoration. Our consciences do not personally condemn us in this regard. We have never assented to certain doctrines which have become the tares in this broad land, nor have we lent our hands to certain measures which have become the thorns in the scourge with which we are now chastised. But this fact may prepare us the better for seeing a nation's transgressions, and for lifting our tearful prayers over the threatened disruption and desolation. It is no time for accusation, but for confession. May the voice be heard upon the high places, weeping and supplications of the people. (Jer. 3, 20-25.) Daniel was not personally guilty of having led Israel into captivity; nor did he pause to charge home upon leaders or parties the national wrongs. But identifying himself with the nation he gave all his heart to her cause, and toned his voice in unison with the wail of the people, and confessed the sins which brought all the evil upon them. (Daniel 9, 3-20.)

The other is the tendency to deplore the present state of things, rather than the causes of the tribulations under whose crushing weight we are now passing. We are pained with the results of war, forgetting perhaps, that sorrow for results alone, is not true penitence. We feel some of the results in our presence, our social spheres, our churches, our homes. We have personal interests which must suffer. The course of our individual prosperity is arrested and endangered. On every shop and store, on every dock and deck, on every farm and every mill, something of this desolating blight must fall. Retrenchment, economy and necessity throw many out of employment. They will cast many upon the brotherly kindness of their neighbors and relatives. The skillful fingers, the brawny arm, the ready talent, the accurate and calculating mind will find enterprise suspended, and situations crowded with applicants.—Property declines in value, or lies without an income, and investments for speculation are in a state of blockade. Morals and Religion must suffer from this diversion of the public mind to the public affairs, and still more from that coldness which chills all christian love before its fruits are ready for the ripening frost, or that iniquity which abounds through the false opinion that a time of war is a time when dissipation is excusable.

Society is in ceaseless anxiety and suspense, for patriotic men have gone down to the battle, and often our latest news strike a heavy blow to the hearts of friends, and the expectation of the morrow is that some of the loved will be slain. Fathers count in nervous suspense the long hours between one vague dispatch and another, and mothers dream of the clash of arms and of garments rolled in the blood of their sons. All this is deplorable. There is not a neighborhood in the most secluded valley, not a village in the most distant grove of the west, not a house on the wealthiest avenue, nor a cottage on the fisher's coast where some of these sad consequences are not felt. There are tears shed in the silence of midnight which only the Lord sees and treasures up in all the glistening of their sincerity; there are groans coming up deep from the heart, heard only by Him who fully knows the wail of the desolate and the agony of the destitute. All this is deplorable. But shall we only deplore the results of national sins? Cry because we are in suffering? And say in our exclamatory comments, "O this war! this terrible war! this fraternal war!" Nay, let us hold up the causes of these public sins, and, like Ezra, confess our nation's guilt before God. (Ezra 9, 5-15.)

There is something more deplorable than war—I mean such a war of resistance as our Government is to-day compelled to advance; a war which you and I regard as having been begun on our part, and carried on in the spirit of a righteous self-defence. It is not a war of the North as a North, against the South as a South. It is a work of the government to which happily more than the North is ready to cling and to lift up the hand of power—a work of the whole Government without section, without party, without local prejudices. The whole Government is exerting itself to put down the destroyers of all that composes a united nation and that secures to every man the future prospects of a peaceful home, a happy country, an advancing civilization, an established

liberty, an undisturbed system of righteous laws. It is the whole government bearing hard on every man, wherever found, who lifts his hand to strike our stars from the sky, or stab the mother who gave him birth. If he be in the North, kindling his treason with the breath of a false and dishonorable and utterly impossible peace, the whole government lays the hand of suppression justly upon him, until he cease to sting as a viper warmed into life by the long indulgence of his benefactor. And if the true friend of the government be on southern plains, or on the shores of the southern gulf there is no contest against him, nor anything he can call his own. Nothing is purposely done to injure the nation's friend wherever he is found. And if the enemy will but return to his allegiance he shall be forgiven and restored.

We may well thank God that we are on the side of the Government, and that her power is exerted in the defence of our national inheritance. We are not annoyed at the floating of her flag over every house. We do not demand that it shall hang at half-mast on the day of her people's humiliation. We are not conscience-smitten when the point of the needle sustains the point of the bayonet. We do not take the name of the Lord our God in vain when we say to our parting troops "God bless you," nor are we mocking him when we pray for their success. We are not conscious of sinful rejoicing when we hail with heartiest delight the tidings of a victory for our government. We are not deploring the fact that millions of money are offered, thousands of soldiers are enlisted, an administration is resolute, and commanders are at the head of our armies, who win the popular confidence. We are not confessing that our government has been too hasty in calling men to defend an insulted capital, or resist an advancing foe along the entire line of their encroachment from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains.

There are worse things than war. National sin is more deplorable. Our government has sinned. She has allowed party aims to carry her astray in days that are past. She has winked at wickedness in high places. Has the Sabbath been duly regarded by her executive departments? Was the messenger of God's truth always acceptable to her Congress? Was our Capital always celebrated for the temperance, the purity, the morality, the calm dignity, and the fraternal spirit, of the representatives of the people? Was there no corruption covered up in high places? Ah! the soul of the nation has long felt the growing transgressions. One party charged corruptions on another, but when it came into power there were still harpies with an eye on the treasures, and hands clutching for the gains of an official position. (Is. 1, 20-26.) And these were but the signs of a deep seated iniquity—and like the ashes from a volcano which fall on the ship's deck at sea, they were but the signs of the terrible outbreak which must inevitably come.

Our government has permitted one institution too much controlling power, and here we find the real cause of the present crisis. Our fathers thought slavery an evil, to be tolerated until the way should be opened for its remedy to come.—The christian people of the South thought so; they did not claim for it the extension over the fairest lands, nor a place among the ordained institutions of God. They did not make a political question of it, nor allow it to become the absorbing topic in Congress or during an election.—They did not demand that it should be a power—the power in the nation. I speak not of slavery in its domestic, or social, or moral character; nor of the relations between master and slave. I now speak only of the politics which have made slavery their foundation, their superstructure, their life, their blood and breath. It cannot be denied that there has grown up a political power founded on slavery. Our government has allowed it to become strong. She has heard its voice and yielded too often to its demands. The finger of that power has been lifted and at its beck our government has stood trembling until she could look about and see what to do to avert the pointed wrath. Its nod has controlled elections, Congress and Courts. As one demand was gratified, other demands grew louder and more imperious, and more extravagant, until the doctrine arose that the whole government must submit to its dictation.

Whatever evil may have been found in the extreme fanaticism of a few at the North—a few who declared not many years since that the Union was a curse, and who would have been declared in treason or rebellion had not their weakness deprived them of such severe respect. Whatever a small party here may have done to violate the Constitutional securities guaranteed toward the owner of slaves; all that might have found an ample remedy in the laws of Congress; and did find it in the law for the rendition of fugitives; for the government never failed to execute that law; and further all that annoyance and danger to the South was resisted and out-done by the lynch law. And what did our government say when northern men were driven out by violence, or hung on Southern soil, without examination, without trial, without any means of laying hold upon governmental protection,—hung sometimes merely because suspected of interference in the affairs of those who looked with jealousy on every traveller? Ah! she was silent! when no civilized nation on the earth would have her peace! And did not the voice of this blood cry from the ground?

This politico-slave power put its finger on the U. S. Mails, and on the press; it carried the club into Congress; it dogged those who resisted it with the challenge to a duel; it crept up into our ecclesiastical assemblies to dictate the policy for the church; it would hear nothing, read nothing, see nothing, care for nothing, live for nothing, but its own interests. And the government gradually acknowledged it as a controlling power in the land. Its doctrine was—not that it was made for the Government, but the Government was made for it. In this our Government sinned, by departing from the principles of Washington, Jefferson and Adams; and no longer taking the warnings of their timely words. These sins are worse than war, for possibly war may prove their remedy.—(Is. 59, 12-15; Jer. 14, 17-22.)

Treason is worse than war. Can we exist in any security, if there are the betrayals of great trusts; the publication, by tongue or pen, of sentiments which corrupt the mind, excite men to mutiny and revolt, and fan a flame in our cities which would consume all that is sacred? And when men grow proud of their treason, and rebel against rightful authority, then, rather than be exposed to these deadly sins, let us have an earnest war to put them to an end.

Secession is worse than war. I have no sympathy with the shallow sentiment that this is a war against brethren. What! brethren? After having trampled down the family record, and stabbed our gracious mother, and torn to pieces our "coats of arms," and then seceded, reproaching and scorning us as mere contemptible weaklings, then we run about and weep, and whimper, and whisper, "our dear brethren!" If they are brethren, their brotherhood only aggravates their crimes. If an enemy had done this, then we could have borne it! But our brother betrays, and plunders, and fights us! If I found a stranger attempting such lawlessness in my house, I might let him off as easily as possible; but if he was my brother, who had denied our common birth, I should chastise him as I would no other man on earth. Let us say too, that if there are brethren among them we war not against them—but against the disease which is threatening their lives with terrific violence. We love them still, but we hate treason, rebellion, and secession. If these plagues are not expelled, they will come upon us, and involve us in long wars, and every generation will have its secessions and its woes. Our love for those who may be spotted with this plague, cannot exempt them from the severe surgery by which it may be removed. The surgery is not so horrible as the disease. We are sure that the Lord will not allow us to say "a confederacy," to all who claim for themselves "a confederacy." (Is. 8, 12.) The great God in whose name we are authorized to baptize the nations, will not allow us to take this child, Secession, and baptize it, calling it our brother, and make it joint heir with us in the inheritance of our fathers. No, never! For this child would never rest till we were driven out of the larger possession.—"A house divided against itself cannot stand."—The rod must fall until the rebellious are schooled into obedience. Secession would write the death-doom of all our liberties, and tyrants would ring out the bells of their rejoicing in all their wild extravagance.

National weakness is worse than war. Must the nations laugh at us for our impotence? Shall they say, "this great government—the last of the rising powers—cannot govern herself? cannot enforce her laws at home? cannot quell the strife in her own family? is not willing to pour forth treasure and blood for an existence? cannot bring treason to trial nor check the ranklings of rebellion?" Heaven forbid! for this reproach would only be the sign of woes unutterable, and of a degradation from which there could be no deliverance.

"The rod hath blossomed." The rod is the instrument for a nation's punishment and her correction in righteousness. When Israel was forsaking God, His altars and His covenants, and involving herself in idolatries, a rod was planted on the banks of the Euphrates. It grew slowly. The Lord was deliberate. He can afford to wait in the execution of His judgments. Justice comes with leaden feet, but strikes at last with iron hands. Where the sin grows ripe on the national tree, the rod of His anger shall beat it down, and where His strokes fall there must be the seething of limbs and the breaking of boughs. Babylonia was the rod that chastised Israel.

About the time that our government began to exalt herself too proudly, forsake the principles of her founders, cherish corruption in parties, and grant slavery a political influence over her administration of law, a rod was planted. It was nurtured by one whose orator's mantle hid the tender shoot, and whose eloquent voice and influence kept all suspicion calm. It grew in a genial climate and became the pride of that State which has grown incapable of shame, and which has lost the memory of her decisions in 1835, that her "citizens owed allegiance to the United States, and subordination to the State under which they lived." It was at first called "Nullification," and then "States' rights." Crushed down for a time it fixed its roots in the Southern States, until it was called "Cotton-King," or the "right to domineer over all creation." Its leaves were to be the bal-

lots in every election and every Congress. Its shadow must be extended over fair young territories, and thrown over millions of the oppressed. This power was not slavery—but a system of politics built upon slavery. The demand was that the government must not merely tolerate slavery—this we surely had ever done to the most exquisite satisfaction—but must acknowledge it, adopt it, foster it, set it up on high, and receive it as the highest form of civilization; and all these Free States must crouch down before it, and despite all our vigorous advancement, all our intellectual and moral elevation, confess our inferiority—submit that were merely a drivelling class of ingenious mammon-seekers and craven-hearted hirelings! Confess that our labor was disgraceful, our manufactories, mills, steam-power, and all the grand advances in civilization were so many signs of our debasement! Such were the demands of this political power whose foundation was laid upon slavery, whose building was secession, and whose flag, floating from the top, bore that name which has never carried honor with it, "a confederacy!" True there were thousands at the South who did not join their leaders in these demands, and who honored the people to whom they looked for the best manufactures, the most useful inventions, the wisest teachers, and all the wealth of literature; and among whom they travelled in perfect security, enjoying the health of our summers, and envying the prosperity of our enterprising inhabitants. But I speak of that political power, which, beholding its supremacy over the government forever gone, seized the opportunity and declared itself a confederacy without an appeal to the people, or an acknowledgement of their right to declare by their votes whom they would serve.

This is the rod that has grown for our national correction. Its place in history will, we think, be this: the instrument by which the sins of this government are chastised. We acknowledge the rod, as Adam acknowledged the forbidden tree; we sinned in eating the fruit and now suffer the curse it inflicts upon us. God has been watching it, and has permitted it to grow for this purpose. He did not intend that we should meet and baffle this advancing judgment at once. He did not intend that our armies should humble it in the first onset. Did we deserve the victory at the first grand stroke? Was there not much intolerable evil associated with the first efforts?—Was there no boasting, no newspaper generalship? Was there not corruption, somewhere, such as ought to shame the uncivilized? Must soldiers, who in the ardor of their first love, and the honesty of their resistless impulses devoted themselves to their country, be made the instruments of speculation and robbery? Must the lamb be cruelly fleeced in going to the sacrifice? Was there the observance of the Sabbath? Was there a check given to profanity and intemperance by the powers that be? Was the battle begun in any adequate fear of God? Were no unfair means used for official promotion? Were not politics too often permitted to dictate the appointments of offices? Were there not some, (I ask it advisedly,) who wished the war might be protracted till their personal fortunes could be secured? Surely the Lord intended to rebuke us, even while he strengthens us by defeat, and now rebuked as we are, less inclined to boast, less rash and presumptuous, less disposed to be the managers of the war, more willing to let our educated military generals hold the reins, more humbled to-day by the sad reports from the south-west—shall we not learn that the rod has been intended to correct our sins, and acknowledge Him that hath appointed it? We can still see a Wondrous Hand in all the events of the past few months.—We wonder why there has not been a more nearly remediless ruin of our country—the destruction of our Capital and the more positive cold frown of foreign powers. A Miraculous Hand has been in these events. God's right hand is stretched out still. His Holy arm will get us the victory.

We cannot read the future. The book of Providence is like the rolled-book of which the prophet spoke when men handed it to the learned, saying, "Read this, I pray thee," and the wise replied, "I cannot for it is sealed." These coming events are in a sealed book, but God holds the written scroll. He knows what the end will be. He is saying, as our Lord, "what I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Our highest act of piety is to refer these events to his permissive will and his administrative justice.—"Righteous art Thou, O Lord." We believe that his design is to make us stronger by our very defeats. The valley of Achor shall be for a door of hope. The result, we think, will prove that we do love our country more than Mammon. The "popular loan" will prove it. It will reveal that our liberty is worth our breath and blood. It will bring out the national strength, and prove that the last of the great Republics, so kind, so gentle, so beneficent, is indeed the best, and more fully than ever before establish the fact that we can govern ourselves, and can do justice to all over whom the hand of government has any power to exert. And now the God who chastises still loves His children, and His voice to-day is, "Come my children, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee, hide thyself for a little moment, until the indignation be past."

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

MR. R. O. KIRBY WRITES ENTERTAININGLY OF SOJOURN ON
WESTERN COAST

STORMY PASSAGE TO ISLAND OF CATALINA

Spanish Dinner, For Which Special
Trip is Made to Casa Verdugo
Proves Rather Warm for the
Unaccustomed Palate.

Los Angeles, Cal., Apr. 15, 1910.
Hotel Lankershim.

Paris Beacon: I shall try and give you a few lines before I leave Beautiful Los Angeles. My party consists of myself and wife and Mrs. J. M. Dill. Mrs. Sue M. Powell of Kansas City joined us on Sunday morning, Jan. 30th and we have been together nearly ever since, though Mrs. Powell spent a month in San Diego, while we were there only a week. While in San Diego we met Mrs. Almon Lowe (formerly Pauline Johnson) Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sheriff, Miss Ruth Sheriff, Mr. and Mrs. Will Hill of National City, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Nauman and family, Mr. and Mrs. Al Rosenfeld, Mrs. Jennie Johnson, and Miss Eda Eads.

I find San Diego much improved though to me it is the same quiet city of old. There is no stirring around, as in other cities, but it has the fever of spreading out. No matter where you go, you see beautiful buildings in course of erection. This you see all over the city. Suburbs, which the last time I was here, were vacant lots are built up today, with as fine bungalows as can be found anywhere and they all have beautiful lawns. There is as much difference in the last four years as between day and night. Mr. and Mrs. Fry (formerly Stella Hizar) took us out in an automobile for a ride and showed us sights well worth seeing. Magnificent views of Mountains, Canyons and Valleys and a 400 acre Park. This they are making at present time and it is a beauty. From one point here called Pavilion, you look down into the valley hundreds, yes thousands of feet deep and you see the gardens (truck patches) this work being nearly all done by the Chinese. They work the ground and raise vegetables of all sorts, then gather and peddle same throughout the city. Well, from this point you can see miles away.

We ride on here and there and see it all; nearly ride through park. It was beautiful up and down the mountain side, flowers of all descriptions everywhere. These are so common, no one pays any attention to them but tourists. The roses are magnificent in size and color. We return to city and hotel almost frozen. Next day we met Mrs. D. D. Huston and Mrs. Frank T. O'Hair, both looking fine; also Ruth Frances, a very sweet young lady. She too is enjoying it all, they being there on a visit. They are stopping at a more quiet retreat than San Diego, that of La Mar, about twenty-five miles away. We pass through it as we return to Los Angeles. While in San Diego Mrs. Fry invited us to call and see them in their new home. They have a beautiful house. I believe it is three stories high; has at least a dozen beautiful rooms, being finished throughout in the light curly birch, with hard wood floors, plate glass windows, electric lights everywhere and the most complete up to date house I ever saw. It has a large lot, which sets the house off to advantage and one of largest pepper trees in that part of country, right at the corner of two streets the house fronts on. It is only a short distance from city via electric. Now I did not intend commencing at San Diego, so will draw the line here. I met very few acquaintances at Los Angeles Mr. and Mrs. Hamburger, Mr. and Mrs. Brodek, and Mrs. Binford, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Kuhn, (formerly Anna Sanford), Mr. and Mrs. John Curtner, and Mr. Dave Blackburn. We found all these looking the picture of health and Los Angeles built up everywhere, no end to building in this country.

We took Valentine dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Kuhn and a nicer little house keeper would be hard to find. Her home is one of beauty and comfort and she has as fine a husband as ever breathed, a perfect gentleman in every respect. The table was laden with delicacies of the season all beautifully prepared and served. We spent as lovely an evening as I ever spent anywhere before; to know this couple is to love them. Mr. Curtner has the best memory of any one I ever heard talk. He could call up people from away back.

Los Angeles is a beautiful city and its suburbs grand. It is a city full of life and is building up rapidly. Go where you will, the same tale is to be told. We have visited nearly everywhere, been up Mt. Low, down to beaches, took Mountain drives in and out of Orange Groves and walnut groves and through parks, and we have visited nearly all the big stores etc. and are now preparing for a move, but before starting, I want to say that on Tuesday last we went over to Catalina Island; wanted to

show Mrs. Dill everything and the Marine Gardens especially. Well the sea was a little rough in places and this roughness took advantage of things to suit itself. While sailing peacefully over the channel, the vessel gave a lurch and you should have seen the men tumbling from their chairs to the floor. This of course caused quite a great deal of laughter. A man falling generally does in the best of regulated families. Well everyone laughed, even yours truly; couldn't help it. The old saying "laughing is catching" proved true I am sorry to relate, for I was watching a huge wave roll up towards us and when it took us squarely amid-ship, I found myself hastily laid flat upon the floor. Then there was a laugh sure enough. I had to join in the mirth, because I could not get up again for quite a while; just lay there mopping up the floor. I finally succeeded in getting on my feet and asked a man to help to my chair next to rail, so I could hold next time. The chair, which I asked assistance in reaching was not two feet from me, so you may know the sea had it all its own way. The boat was pretty well loaded and many a poor duck was more than loaded. To look into those cabins was a caution. They were full of people, men and women and one little boy, all enjoying the buckets brought to them by stewards or who ever they may be. None of my party was in least effected. I saw one lady on opposite side of boat from where I was, enjoying the art of feeling the fish over the rail. We had a couple of hours of this sort of fun, then we landed took dinner and boarded a small boat, to sail along shore, over the kelp beds. This was a magnificent treat for those who had never seen the like before. As I cannot describe the scenery, will call a halt, but will say we had smoother water when returning. A trip across the Pacific would be perfect, now. Before I make this letter too long, let us go back to another trip Roy Bowman wished me to make and that was to Covinia, to meet his brother. On April 13th, a day or two ago. Mrs. Binford and I started on the trip. Now I want to say this was a beautiful ride. It is not just a little way from Los Angeles, but it is quite a ride. He did not know this when car started, so did not leave hotel until nearly 3 o'clock. We walked to Huntington Depot, bought tickets and were told the car would not go until 3:20 and we had to get back by six o'clock. At the time indicated we started and rode over as pretty a piece of country as could be found, passed field after field of mustard, the beautiful yellow everywhere; also fine wild flowers of all colors. We went up and down with mountains on either side of road, but quite a distance away. We passed through the Walnut Grove district, orchard after orchard and as clean as anyone's parlor. Not a weed is allowed to grow there. Then we entered the orange fields or orchards. The fragrance here is perfectly delicious. You breathe this for quite a distance. Then we are out amongst farmers who are harvesting the alfalfa. We now pass the gardeners and finally land at Covinia after a ride of over 20 miles. It is now getting towards night. We enter a drug store and make inquiries for Mr. Robt. Bowman. He is not in town, we enquire as to where he resides. Party could not tell exactly but said, "go this way to school house, then turn to right, school house being some three blocks away. We then called over the phone and found that Mr. Bowman was not at home nor would he be before six o'clock. We found that they were all well and so we let it go. Had we started in morning would have succeeded. I will say this for Covinia: it is a beautiful place. It is a town I should think of some 1500 or 2000 people and is called a city among the orange groves, for telephone electric lights, gas, street cars and free mail service, give the country side all the advantages of the city. Every boulevard and drive way for miles in every direction, is flanked with peerless groves and the atmosphere in the springtime is laden with the perfume of the orange blossom and the trees laden with the golden ripe fruit. Along the oiled driveways ornamental vegetation of the common and rarer sorts grows in profusion. There are lovely homes set in spacious grounds where the most beautiful roses I ever saw grow like weeds. Circling the valley, the Sierra Madre range and the San Jose hills from the most inspiring piece of mountain scenery in Southern California. On their snow crested summits and high gorges, they store the water, which is the life blood of the valley. Covinia is the principal citrus center of Los Angeles county and the third largest in the world. The soil is a beautiful sandy loam, which requires less care and is more easily worked than that of most citrus districts. Orange picking gives employment to men and boys ten months in the year. They begin picking the navels in December and it lasts until May. This is followed by the Valencia crop which continues late into October. You need no guide to show you over this town. Go out any of the streets and look for yourself; it is grand. Their roads are all oiled, which makes it a pleasure to drive over them. The walnut is a rival of the orange and the lower valleys contain some of the largest and heaviest producing trees in the state. Alfalfa requires good soil and water. The young walnut orchards allow the culture of alfalfa between the rows of trees, which gives the rancher an income, while waiting for the trees to bear. From 5 to 1 cuttings a year, which find ready sale

in the field at \$10.00 and upward per ton. The San Jose hills furnish an immense stretch of grazing lands. As to the homes, nowhere is the eye so enchanted with peaceful dwelling places. The morning sea breeze tempers the summer heat and mountains and hills protect from winter frost, giving the valley an ideal climate. Flowers of varied species and types are indigenous to California but nowhere do soil, water and climate combine to make the surroundings of the home more beautiful than at Covinia. The situation is beautiful. Covinia lies just below the San Gabriel canyon, through which winds the clear and sparkling San Gabriel river, finding an eternal source in the snows of "Old Hady" over 10,000 feet above sea level. This river winds down through scenes of marvelous grandeur. The schools and churches of Covinia are beautiful. They have just completed a new high school at a cost of \$75,000. The churches are of all denominations. I notice one new one being built which when finished, will add a great deal to beauty of place. There is a beautiful Carnegie Library which will compare most favorably with similar institutions anywhere, a most imposing combination of Romanesque and Colonial Architecture. Over 100 weekly and monthly periodicals are received and placed at the disposal of the public, while on main floor there are accommodations for 10,000 volumes. The ladies have a Monday afternoon club. A beautiful modern building is the home of this club; then there is a country club which is the men's social organization, it has a cozy, quiet retreat. Then there is an organization for the promotion of music, also The Farmers' Club and a Chamber of Commerce with a membership of 250 representative men. Covinia is a busy town. Its citrus receipts alone amount to more than \$1,000,000.00 per year while the diversified agricultural returns will total over \$1,500,000.00. Two National Banks with total resources of \$700,000 denote the general financial responsibility of the community and thus ends Covinia and my unsuccessful hunt.

Now I will add one more little visit we made yesterday to "Casa Verdugo," then yester. This trip was made for a Spanish dinner.

Casa Verdugo is a beautiful place. Imagine two ranges of foothills with a broad valley in between. To the east and west this valley opens widely with orchards and grain fields, alfalfa and in summer, the melons. To the south, looking across orange and lemon orchards is the slender thread of the river, Walling out the desert, is the rugged palisade of the Mother mountain. Amid it all is the Casa Verdugo meaning the house of that name. It is a quaint low place, built of adobe, with wide, cool verandas. Large olive trees bend over it; also some immense pepper trees. The green orchards with their yellow fruit, hem it about. Jose Maria Verdugo, came to this valley early. Governor Fayes issued a proclamation October 20, 1784, granting him the right to have and to hold these lands. The Verdugos had herds of cattle and horses as the petition stated and they were soldiers as well; Cavaliers who, tiring of the alarms of war, settled in this far land where the wide Blue sea and the implacable mountains seemed to maroon them, but like faithful vassals that they were, they never lapsed in allegiance to church or king. Don Mariano de la Luzze Verdugo was a Sergeant in the San Diego Company and served likewise at Monterey. He came to Los Angeles to live in 1787 and took such a prominent part in the life of the pueblo, that he was elected Alcalde in 1790 and 1802. Manuel was likewise a soldier. At the death of Jose Maria Verdugo, his son Julio, with several other sons and daughters, fell heir to the rich rancho, San Rafael, which was the third land grant made in the county, the first being, San Pedro, to Juan Jose Dominguez, the second, Los Nietos, to Manuel Nieto. Don Jose was a man of high character, who filled many important offices including that of judge of the plains, from 1833 to 1840. Through life he preserved the dress, as well as customs of his progenitors. When he died his funeral was as he requested, his body being borne on the shoulders of his sons from the ranch home to the Mission San Gabriel and now we call a halt as I did not start, out to write history. We came to this place for a Spanish dinner, the following being the Menu for the meal April 14, 1910.

Ensalado de Frijoles,
Sopa de Albondigas,
Aceitunas,
Carne Con Chill,
Arroz,
Seas Lampriades,
Enchiladas Frijoles,
Fruta,
Cafenegro.

We did the best we know how. I tell you it was a dose. I managed to get away with the first lay out and the soup, which was good, but the balance, great guns, it was next to the infernal regions. I did send my fork through the two piles on my plate and after I had tasted them, I wondered how it was that that fork slipped through the stuff without melting. It was Hades sure enough. I gave it up in disgust, paid the bill and let others dabble at the mess. I found that fruta meant fruit and the fruit was preserved pumpkin, Cafenegro, was coffee and the party said it was good. Now I am done, should I hit on anything interesting will let you know. All well and providence willing start north next Monday. Regards to all. Mrs. Bruce McNutt was one of party at the above feast.

Respectfully,
R. O. KIRBY.

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J. P. Love, Prince